Improved Too Fast.

Mrs. Smith (thoughtfully)—I'm afraid I shall have to stop giving Bobby that tonic the doctor left for him.

Mr. Smith (anxiously)—Why, isn't he any better?

Mrs. Smith—Oh, yes! But he has slid down the banisters six times this morning, broken the hall lamp, two vases, a pitcher and a looking-glass, and I don't feel as if I could stand much more.—Harper's Bazar.

Crease and Increase.

An elephant wears more creases to his trousers than any other animal. They seem to be sort of a kilt pleat with a bias slope. He is not very fashionable, but is up to date in taking care of himself. Some sudden, violent pains crease, twist or contract the muscles or tendons, and this is the nature of a bad sprain. If neglected, the creases increase, and so does the pain, until sometimes it is very difficult to straighten them out, but by the prompt use of St. Jacobs Oil, the friction or rubbing in its application and the curative qualities of the oil will smooth out the worst twist or crease and get the muscle in natural shape, where it will remain, restored, strengthened, cured. Promptness in using it insures prompt cure, and when the pain is cured, it is cured for good.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The B. & O. Southwestern has adopted new specifications for section houses. These structures are now being built with slate roofs and cost about $65 a piece. The slate roof is found to be a preventative of fire from sparks.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Kills billous or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Nervine cures. Circular. Fredonia, N. Y.

Now try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The Kansas Methodist Conference has spoken in favor of the admission of women.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 40,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac help you quit or remove your desire for tobacco? It saves money, makes health and manhood. Guaranteed. 50 cents and $1.00, at all druggists.

The Bank of England was opened 202 years ago.

Almost Blind

My little girl was growing to scrofula trouble. Was treated by physicians and sent to a special without being cured. We resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in a week we could see a change. We continued giving her this medicine, and to-day her eyes are perfectly well. There is not a blemish on her skin, and she is the picture of health." B. C. ALLEN, 251 West 61st Street, New York, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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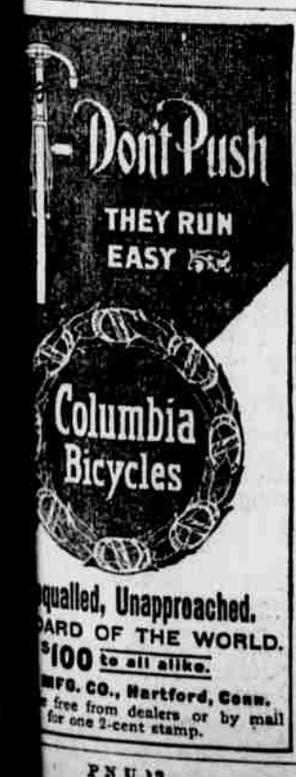

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REV. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

WORLD'S DEBT TO GREECE.

Text—Romans 1:14. "I Am Debtor Both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians."

At this time, when that behemoth of abominations, Mohammedanism, after having gorged itself on the carcasses of a hundred thousand Armenians, is trying to put it paws upon one of the fairest of all nations, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest; for every intelligent person on this side of the sea, as well as the other side, like Paul who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks. The present crisis is emphasized by the guns of the allied powers of Europe, ready to be unlimbered against the Hellenes, and I am asked to speak out. Paul, with a master intellect of the ages, sat in brilliant Corinth, the great Acro-Corinthus fortress frowning from the height of 1,686 feet, and in the house of Gaius, where he was a guest, a big pile of money near him, which he was taking to Jerusalem for the poor. In this Letter to the Romans, which Chrysostom admired so much that he had it read to him twice a week, Paul practically says: "I, the apostle, am bankrupt. I owe what I cannot pay, but I will pay as large a percentage as I can. It is an obligation for what Greek literature and Greek sculpture and Greek prowess have done for me. I will pay all I can in instalments of evangelism. I am insolvent to the Greeks."

While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settlement of the intricate questions which now involve all Europe, and indirectly all nations, it is time for all churches, all schools, all universities, all arts, all literatures to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

In the first place we owe to their language our New Testament. All of it was written in Greek, except the Book of Matthew, and that written in the Aramean language was soon put into Greek by our Savior's brother, James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermon ever preached, the best letters ever written, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in Greek. All the miracles in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The story of Bethlehem and Golgotha and Olivet and Jordan banks and Galilean beaches and Pauline embarkation and Pentecostal tongues and seven trumpets that sounded over Patmos, have come to the world in liquid, symmetric, picturesque, philosophic, unrivaled Greek, instead of the gibberish language in which many of the nations of the earth at that time jabbered. Who can forget it, and who can exaggerate its thrilling importance, that Christ and heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks? the language in which Homer had sung and Sophocles dramatized and Plato dialogued and Socrates discoursed and Lycurgus legislated and Demosthenes thundered his oration on "The Crown?"

Everlasting thanks to God that the waters of life were not handed to the world in the unwashed cup of corrupt languages from which nations had been drinking, but in the clean, bright, golden-lipped, emerald-handled chalice of the Helleness. Learned Curtius wrote a whole volume about the Greek verb. Philologists century after century have been measuring the symmetry of that language, laden with elegy and philippic, drama and comedy, Odyssey and Iliad; but the grandest thing that Greek language ever accomplished was to give to the world the benediction, the comfort, the irradiation, the salvation of the gospel of the Son of God. For that we are debtors to the Greeks.

And, while speaking of our philological obligation, let me call your attention to the fact that many of the intellectual and moral and theological leaders of the ages got much of their discipline and effectiveness from Greek literature. It is popular to scoff at the dead languages, but 50 per cent of the world's intellectuality would have been taken off if, through learned institutions our young men had not, under competent professors, been drilled in Greek masterpieces. Hesiod's "Weeks and Days," or the eulogium by Simonides of the slain in war, or Pindar's "Odes of Victory," or "The Recollections of Socrates," or "The Art of Words," by Corax, or Xenophon's Anabasis.

From the Greeks the world learned how to make history. Had there been no Herodotus and Thucydides there would have been no Macaulay or Bancroft. Had there been no Sophocles in tragedy there would have been no Shakespeare. Had there been no Homer there would have been no Milton. The modern wits, who are now or have been out on the divine mission of making the world laugh at the right time, can be traced back to Aristophanes, the Athenian, and many of the jocosities that are now taken as new had their suggestions 2,300 years ago in the 54 comedies of that master of merriment. Grecian mythology has been the richest mine from which orators and essayists have drawn their illustrations and painters the themes for their canvas; and, although now an exhausted mine, Grecian mythology has done a work that nothing else could have accomplished: Boreas, representing the north wind; Sisyphus, rolling the stone up hill, only to have the same thing to do over again; Tantalus, with fruits above him that he could not reach; Archilles, with his arrows; Icarus, with his waxen wings, flying too near the sun; the Centaurs, half man and half beast; Orpheus, with his lyre, Atlas, with the world on his back, all these and more have helped literature, from the graduate's speech on commencement day to Rufus Choate's eulogium on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth. Tragedy and comedy were born in the festivals of Dionysius at Athens. The lyric and elegiac and epic poetry of Greece 500 years before Christ has its echoes in the Tennysons, Longfellows and Bryants of 1,800 and 1,900 years after Christ. There is not an effective pulpit or editorial chair or professor's room or cultured parlor or intelligent farmhouse today in America or Europe that could not appropriately employ Paul's ejaculation and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

Furthermore, all the civilized world, like Paul, is indebted to the Greeks for architecture. The world before the time of the Greeks had built monoliths, obelisks, cromlechs, sphinxs and pyramids, but they were mostly monumental to the dead whom they failed to memoralize. But Greek architecture did most for the living. Although the Parthenon of the Acropolis of Athens is only a wreck of the storms and earthquakes and bombardments of many centuries, and, although Lord Elgin took from one side of that building, at an expense of $250,000, two shiploads of sculpture, one shipload going down in the Mediterranean and the other shipload now to be found in the British Museum, the Parthenon, though in comparative ruins, has been an inspiration to all architects for centuries past, and will be an inspiration all the time from now on until the world itself is a temple of ruins. Oh, that Parthenon! One never gets over having once seen it. But what must it have been when it stood as its architects, Ikitnos and Kallikrates, built it out of Pentelican marble, white as Mont Blanc at noonday, and as overwhelming. Height above height. Overtopping the august and majestic pile, and rising from its roof, was a statue of Pallas Promachus in bronze, so tall and flashing that sailors far out at sea beheld the plume of her helmet.

But there is another art in my mind—the most fascinating, elevating and inspiring of all arts, and the nearest to the divine—for which all the world owes a debt to the Hellenes and will never be paid. I mean sculpture. At least 650 years before Christ the Greeks perpetuated the human face and form in terra cotta and marble. What a blessing to the human family that men and women, mightily useful, who could live only within a century may be perpetuated for five or six or ten centuries. How I wish that some sculptor, contemporaneous with Christ, could have put his matchless form in marble! But for every grand and exquisite statue of Martin Luther, of John Knox, of William Penn, of Thomas Chalmers, of Wellington, of Lafayette, of any of the great statesmen or emancipators or conquerors who adorn your parks or fill the niches of hour academies, you are debtors to the Greeks. They covered the Acropolis, they glorified the temples, they adorned the cemeteries with statues, some in cedar, some in ivory, some in silver, some in gold, some in size diminutive and some in size colossal. Thanks to Phidias, who worked in stone; to Clearchus, who worked in bronze; to Dontas, who worked in gold, and to all ancient chisels of commemoration! Do you not realize that for many of the wonders of sculpture we are debtors to the Greeks?

Yea! For the science of medicine, that great art of healing, we must thank the Greeks. There is the immortal Greek doctor, Hippocrates, who first opened the door for disease to get out and health to come in. He first set forth the importance of cleanliness and sleep, making the patient before treatment to be washed and take slumber on the hide of a sacrificed beast. He first discovered the importance of thorough prognosis and diagnosis. He formulated the famous oath of Hippocrates which is taken by physicians of our day. He emancipated medicine from superstition, empiricism and priestcraft. He was the father of all the infirmaries, hospitals and medical colleges of the last 23 centuries. Ancient medicament and surgery had before that been anatomical and and physiological assault and battery.

For our glorious science of medicine and surgery, more sublime than astronomy, for we have more to do with disease than the stars; more beautiful than botany, for bloom of health in the cheek of wife and child is worth more than all the roses of the garden—for this grandest of all sciences, the science of healing, every pillow of recovered invalid, every ward of American and European hospital may well cry out, "Thank God for old doctor Hippocrates! I, like Paul, am indebted to the Greeks."

Furthermore, all the world is obligated to Hellas more than it can ever pay for its heroics in the cause of liberty and right. United Europe to-day had not better think that the Greeks will not fight. There may be fallings back and vacillations and temporary defeat, but if Greece is right all Europe cannot put her down. The other nations, before they open the port-holes of their men-of-war against that small kingdom had better read of the battle of Marathon, where 10,000 Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed over 100,000 of their enemies.

Also at Thermopylae, 300 Greeks, along a road only wide enough for a wheel track between a mountain and a marsh, died rather than surrender. Had there been no Thermopylae, there might have been no Bunker Hill. The echo of Athenian and Spartan heroics was heard at the gates of Lucknow, and Sebastopol, and Bannockburn, and Lexington, and Gettysburg. English Magna Charta, and Declaration of American Independence, and the song of Robert Burns, entitled, "A Man's a Man for a' That," were only the long-continued reverberation of what was said and done 20 centuries before in that little kingdom that the Powers of Europe are now imposing upon. Greece having again and again shown that ten men in the right are stronger than a hundred men in the wrong, the heroics of Leonidas and Aristides and Themistocles will not cease their mission until the last man on earth is as free as God made him. There is not on either side of the Atlantic today a republic that cannot truthfully employ the words of the text and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

But now comes the practical question, how can we pay that debt, or a part of it? For we cannot pay more than 10 per cent of that debt in which Paul acknowledged himself a bankrupt. By praying Almighty God that He will help Greece in its present war with Mohammedanism and the concerted empires of Europe. I know her queen, a noble, Christian woman, her face the throne of all beneficence and loveliness, her life an example of noble wifehood and motherhood. God help those palaces in these days of awful exigency! Our American senate did well the other day, when, in the Capitol building which owes to Greece its columnar impressiveness, they passed a hearty resolution of sympathy for that nation. Would that all who have potent words that can be heard in Europe would utter them now, when they are so much needed! Let us repeat to them in English what they centuries ago declared to the world in Greek: "Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Another way of partly paying our debt to the Greeks is by higher appreciation of the learning and self-sacrifice of the men who in our own land stand for all that the ancient Greeks stood. The scholars, the archeologists, the artists, the literati—most of them live up three or four flights of stairs and by small windows that do not let in the full sunlight. As far as you can afford it, buy their sculpture, read their books, purchase their pictures, encourage their pen, their pencil, their chisel, their engraver's knife, their architect's compass. The world calls them "bookworms," or "Dr. Dry-as-Dust," but if there had been no bookworms or dry doctors of law and science and theology, their would have been no Apocalyptic angel. They are the Greeks of our country and time, and your obligation to them is infinite.

Important Papers.

Queen Victoria has given so many proofs of the possession of sterling virtues that no one ever expects her to swerve from the path approved by her judgment and her conscience. When she first became queen, however, the world had yet to learn how determined the young girl ruler could be.

Lord Melbourne, her prime minister, is said to have declared that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen.

On one occasion he arrived at Windsor late on Saturday night, and informed his youthful sovereign that he had brought for her inspection some papers of importance. "But," said he, "as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your Majesty with them tonight, but will request your attention to them to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?" replied the Queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"But business of state, please your Majesty."

"Must be attended to, I know," replied the Queen, "and as, of course, you could not get down earlier to-night, I will, if these papers are of such vital importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow."

In the morning the royal party went to church, and the noble statesman was not absent. Much to his surprise, the sermon was on the duties of the Sabbath.

"How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen.

"Very much, your Majesty," he replied.

"I will not conceal from you," said the Queen, "that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which to preach. I hope we shall all be the better for his words."

It is presumable that they were better, for the day passed, and no word was heard of the papers. At night, when her Majesty was about to withdraw, she said: "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, we will go into those papers—at 7 o'clock, if you like."

But the papers had suddenly grown less pressing, for the Prime Minister found that 9 o'clock would be quite early enough to attend to them.

The Old Virginia Fiddler.

What has become of the old Virginia fiddler, whose services used to be in incessant demand at this season of the year, and who was known and greeted by all the young people for miles around?

Of old, there could be no Christmas in the country without him. He was as indispensable as the children's stockings, the eggnogg bowl, the roasted shoat, the mince pie or the stuffed turkey. He was the important functionary at every dance, and called out the figures in an unchangeable voice, which grew fiercer and fiercer as he warmed up to his work. Has our old friend disappeared? Is his fiddle cracked and his bow unstrung? Has he been unable to withstand the invasion of his territory by the piano and the piano agent? We fear so. We hear of him very seldom now; whereas in the times agone, at Christmas his name was on every tongue, and his bow was a scepter wielded over many willing subjects. Happily for him that he found suitable eulogists before his type was extinct. Dr. George W. Bagby, that great humorist and player upon the heart strings of men, in numerous sketches, and the founder of this paper, in his delightful, realistic reminiscences, have both described and immortalized the old Virginia fiddler. And well they did; for he is becoming as rare as the buffalo upon the Western prairies. But well he served his day and generation before he laid down "de fiddle and de bow."—Richmond Dispatch.

Wild Yak.

The yak, or wild ox of Tibet, has sufficient spirit to turn and attack a hunter. If it had more perseverance it would prove a dangerous enemy. Col. Prjevalski, in his account of his travels in the Tibetan mountains, narrates an adventure which illustrates the yak's disposition:

I was returning to camp when I saw several old yaks grazing on a little plateau. I fired on them, and one fell and slipped down the snowy slope. Stunned by his fall, he lay motionless at the bottom of the ravine. I ran to him. As soon as he saw me, some hundred feet away, he rose and tried to flee. I fired, but the ball did not touch him.

Then he turned and rushed at me. I had only two cartridges; I fired one at a distance of seventy feet, and one at a distance of fifty feet. He stopped when he was quite near me, holding his head down and lashing his sides with his tail.

I was near enough to see his little eyes and the blood which ran from his nostrils. If he had had a little more decision and energy I should have been lost. I could not get away, and I had no weapon but my empty gun.

We stood looking at each other. Presently he raised his head and stopped lashing his sides. Evidently he was getting over his anger. I threw myself on the ground, and without taking my eyes from him, crawled backward some sixty feet. Then I jumped up and walked away as fast as possible. I did not breathe freely until some 200 feet lay between us.

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Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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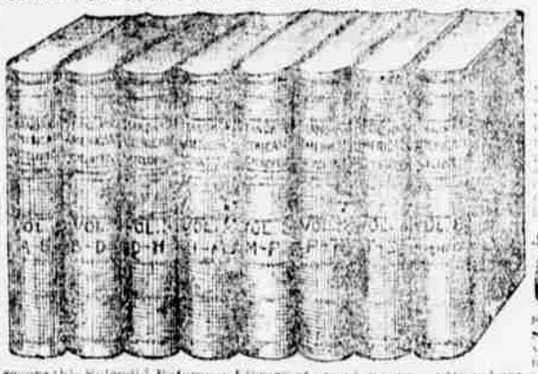

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